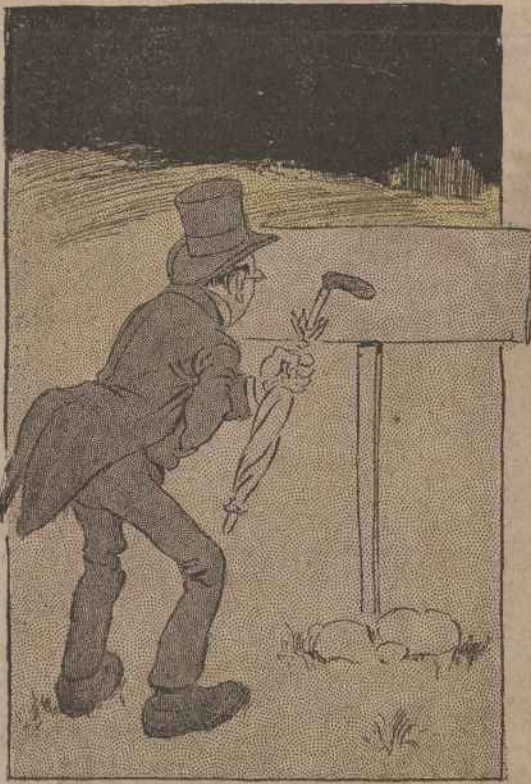
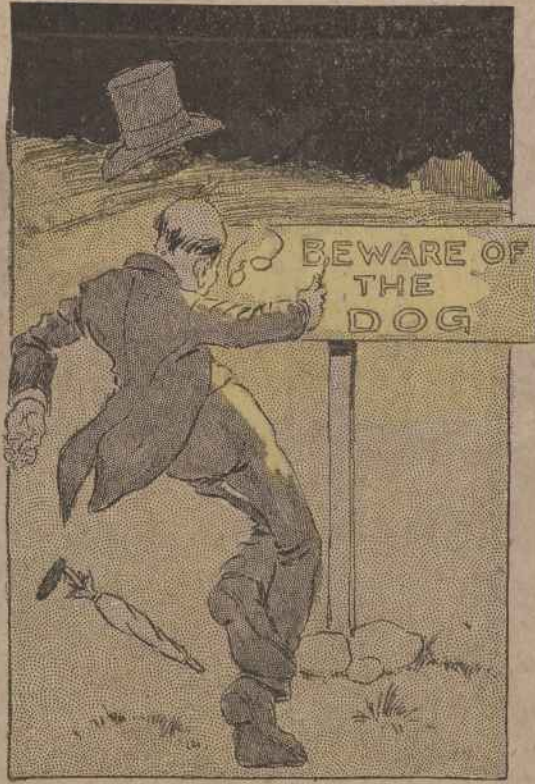


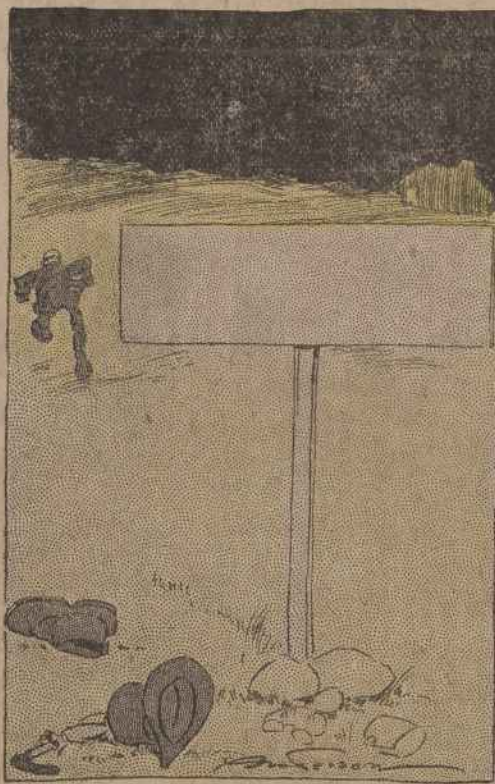
A DANGEROUS SIGN.



1. "I really think I'm lost. Perhaps this is a guide post. I will light a match and"—



2. —"see"



3. ! ! ! !

THE MISTAKEN MISSIONARY. A PANTOMIME.



A Horrible Mishap.

"Ah, call me Pierre once again! Never, no never, until your lips said it, have I appreciated the exquisite beauty of my name."
"Flatterer! But one short hour ago and we had not met."
"I die with grief to think of the years I knew you not. But back, tears—I am a man."
"Do you love me then?"
"Love you? Mon Dieu! I worship you! With you life in a high hat and sack coat would be endurable."
"You have not even seen my face yet."
"It is your fault, not mine. I curse the day veils were invented! Raise it, I pray you."
"Never. I wish to keep you by my side."
"Your face will, I am sure, chain me there. Raise the veil or I die with hope deferred!"

"Have you never loved before?"
"Thousands of times, but, ma vie, I am a married man."
"Does it make difference?"
"No—just extenuation. But the veil! I shall tear it off myself!"
"You shall not! Quit! Cruel one, I beg of you to stop!"
"My love excuses my daring. See, I tear the veil—Ah, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! It is my wife!"
"Oh, mon Pierre!"
"Back, woman! Your disgraceful trap has ruined me for life! I can hear my friends now: 'Common Pierre, vulgar Pierre, Pierre the bourgeois, Pierre who makes love to his wife,' they will say, and believe me not when I say it is all a mistake. I shall leap into the Seine! Better death than disgrace! Farewell, and may you win forgiveness!"

Reason Enough.

*Twixt madhouse walls he sits alone;
His foolish thoughts in chaos rove.
The cause for his sad fate is known—
He helped his wife put up the stove.*

The Vampire.

She looks at him with pleading, tear-bedimmed eyes.
"Have pity!" she begs. "Do not ask me for any more money now. You know I haven't any."
He regards her with indifference, mingled with a touch of scorn.
"I must have it!" he answers briefly.
"Wretch!" she exclaims indignantly, scarce knowing what she says. "Is there no mercy in your heart? It is all your fault! It was your honeyed words that got the better of my judgment. But for you I should never have"—
Burying her face in her hands, she sobs as though her heart would break.
He makes no attempt at consolation. His manner betrays only impatience, as with face as hard as flint he waits for the violence of her grief to pass.
Presently she looks up, hastily dries her eyes and from a drawer produces a pathetically lean pocketbook. "Take this," she says, proffering a coin. "It is all I have."
"That don't go!" he answers brutally. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but if you can't pay your installments when they're due, we must take the bicycle away."

Not Exactly.

"A man and his wife are one, aren't they, pa?"
"Yes."
"Well, then, if a man kills his wife, why isn't it a case of suicide?"

He Knew.

TEACHER—Johnnie Chip, what does g-r-o-u-n-d spell?
JOHNNIE—Dunno.
TEACHER—Don't know, sir? What is it that your father builds his houses on?
JOHNNY (triumphantly)—Spec.

Left Over.

WHEELER—There's one advantage in marrying a widow.
BIKER—What's that?
WHEELER—She generally has her first attempt's wheel on hand.

His Idea.

THE WIFE—Say, Silas, what's this here mean? The paper says that the lawyer entered a demurrer.

FARMER SILAS—I reckon that's a French name fer one o' them horseless kerridges.

A Fatal Inability.

SIX-SHOOTER SAM—Yep, he wuz a good artist' all right, wuz the tenderfoot, but thar wuz one thing he couldn't draw.

TENDERFOOT TREMONT—Why, what was that?

SIX-SHOOTER SAM—A gun.

Pity for the Poor.

"Very well," replied the highway robber, "since you are a poor man I shall take only the money and valuables you have with you. If you were rich I should sell you a bicycle upon your own terms."

A Youthful Baseball Crank.

CLERGYMAN—Yes, my young friends, it rained forty days and forty nights.
SMALL BOY—When did they play off their postponed games?

HER STYLES LIMITED.

PETTY—How do you like your new cook?
CARLTON—Not very well. She can serve meat in only three styles.
PETTY—What are they?
CARLTON—Done, half done and raw.

The Modern Nonentity.

MRS. CHATTER—And so you know Mrs. Mann? Same name too! Strange I never heard her speak of you.
HAVERAGE MANN—Oh, I'm her husband.

THE HAWAII CLUB'S COSTUME BALL.



1. It would have been a great success if—



2. —Brother Macadamized Johnson hadn't caught fire.

In Union There is Strength.

"Why is it," asked the philosopher, "that misfortunes never come singly?"
"Can't say," replied the other man, "unless it is that, on account of the reception they get, they're afraid to travel alone."

Wasn't Counted Out.

ETHEL—Did you go to see papa to-day, Tom, about our engagement?
TOM—Yes, dear.
ETHEL—Were you down at his office long?
TOM—Oh, no. I got up again right away.

His Blunder.

MAUDE—So you have broken your engagement with the wealthy shoe manufacturer.
GLADYS—Yes; I can't stand a man who talks shop.

MAUDE—What do you mean?
GLADYS—Why, he kept on telling me that I was his awl.

Local Color.

MRS. BACKCOUNTREIGH—The mowin' lots in Kentucky must look orful queer this time o' year.
JOHN—Whv?
MRS. BACKCOUNTREIGH—On account o' the blue grass.

An Opinion from Experience.

DAISY—Don't you think Charley Mainchance is awfully close?
MAZIE—Well, yes, he did seem awfully close to me on the sofa last night.

THE DWARF AND THE GERMAN BEER MUG.

